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A prouerbe neuer stale in thristie minde. *Exit.*  
*Ies.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost, I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

*Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.*

*Gra.* This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo* Desired vs to make a stand.

*Sal.* His house is almost past.  
*Gra.* And it is meruaile he out-dwells his house, For louers euer run before the clocke.

*Sal.* O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont To keepe obliged faith vnforfeited.

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*Ant.* Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest? 'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you, No maske to night, the winde is come about,

*Bassanio* presently will goe aboard, I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

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*Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.*

*Por.* Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make you choys.

*Mor.* The first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.

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Here dwells my father Iew. Hwa, who's within?

*Iessica* alone.

*Ies.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty, Albeit I sweare that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

*Ies.* Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed, For who loue I so much? and now who knowes But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heauen and thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

*Ies.* Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit, For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Ies.* What, must I hold a Candle to my flames? They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue, And I should be obscure'd.

*Lor.* So you are sweet.

Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once, For the close night doth play the run-away, And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

*Ies.* I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*Gra.* Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

*Lor.* Bestrew me but I loue her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can iudge of her, And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe: And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

*Enter Iessica.*

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

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*Por.* The one of them contains my picture Prince, If you chooseth that, then I am yours withall.

*Mor.* Some God direct my iudgement, let me see, I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:

What saies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath. Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie, He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue? Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves; pause there *Morocco*, And weigh thy value with an euen hand,

If thou best rated by thy estimation Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:

And yet to be afeard of my deserting, Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Ladie. I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding: But more then these, in loue I doe deserve.

What if I staid no farther, but chose here? Let's see once more this saying graud in gold.

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire: Why that's the Ladie, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the waste wildes Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heauenly picture. Is't like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse To rib her searcloth in the obscure graue:

Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd Being ten times vnderuallued to tripe gold; O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliuer me the key: Here doe I chooseth, and thirue I as I may.

*Por.* There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there Then I am yours.

*Mor.* O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death, Within whose emptic eye there is a written scroule; He read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold, Often haue you heard that said;

Many a man his life hath sold But on his side to behold;

Guided by him who promises in fold: Had you beene as wise as bold,

Long in limbe, in iudgement old, Your answer had not beene in fold,

Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

*Mor.* Cold indeede, and labour lost, Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:

*Portia* adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part. *Exit.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go: Let all of his complexion chooseth me so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Salario and Solanio.*

*Flo. Cornets.*

*Sal.* Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder saile, With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not. *Sol.* The villaine *Iew* with outcries rais'd the Duke. Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

*Sal.* He comes too late, the ship was vnder saile; But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand That in a Gondilo were iene together *Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

*Sol.* I neuer heard a passion so confus'd, So strange, outrageous, and so variable, As the dogge *Iew* did viter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter, Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter; A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,

And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle, She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

*Sal.* Why all the boyes in Venice follow him, Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sol.* Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry well remembered, I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, Who told me, in the narrow seas that part The French and English, there miscaried A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:

I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me, And wisht in silence that it were not his.

*Sol.* Yo were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare. Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth, I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part, *Bassanio* told him he would make some speede

Of his returne: he answered, doe not so, Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*, But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me, Let it not enter in your minde of Ioue:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue As shall conueniently become you there;

And euen there his eye being big with teares, Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him, And with affection wondrous sensible He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

*Sol.* I thinke he onely loues the world for him, I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out And quicken his embraced heauinesse With some delight or other.

*Sal.* Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerissa and a Seruiture.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

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